



FISHERMAN'S LUCK

price

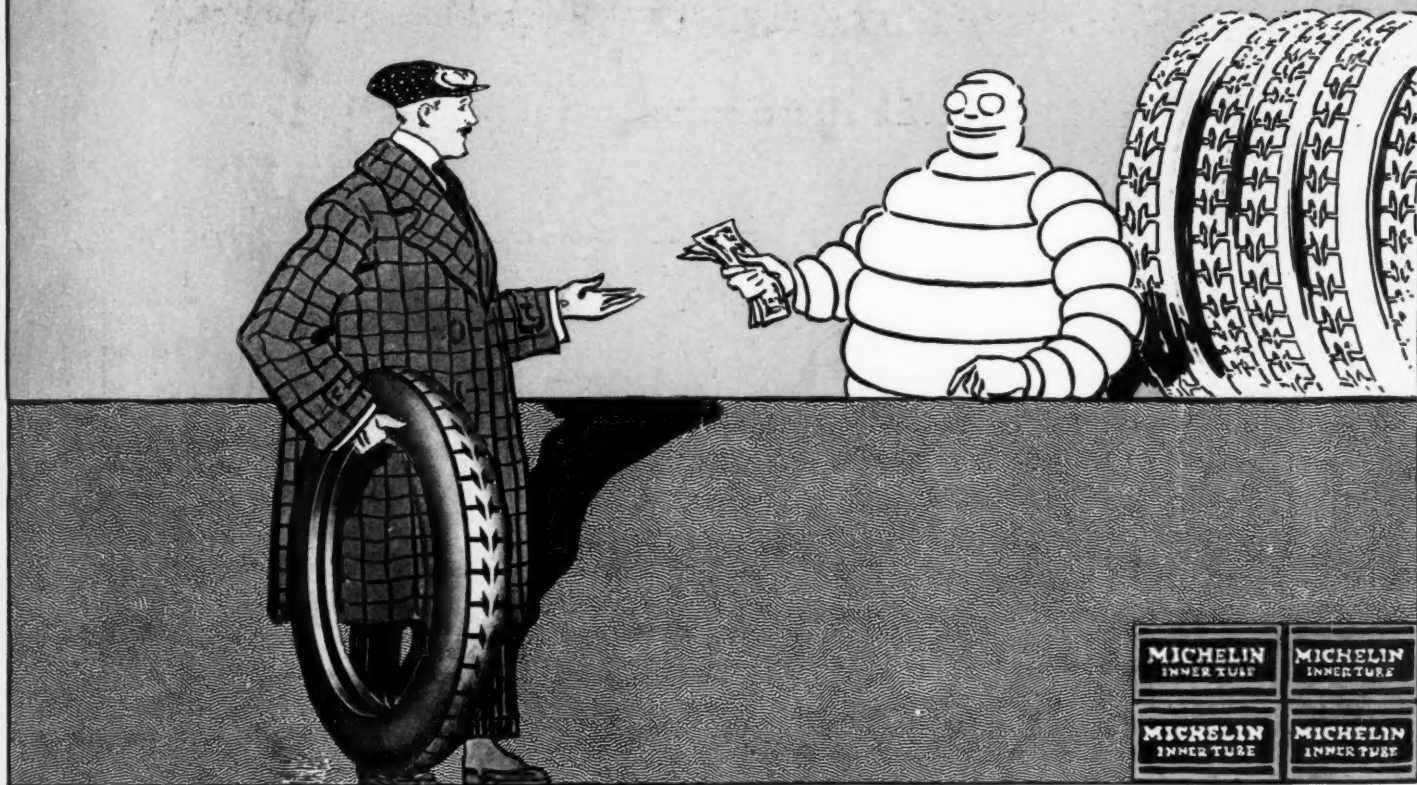
Michelin Tires are recognized the world over as unsurpassed for durability at any price.

Yet they are priced far lower than other tires of anything like equal quality.

The moderate price of Michelin Tires is made possible by the superior experience of Michelin, the world's oldest tire maker, and by the economical efficiency of the entire Michelin organization.

MICHELIN TIRE CO., MILLTOWN, N. J.

Wholesale factory branches in many important cities
Dealers in all parts of the world



MICHELIN

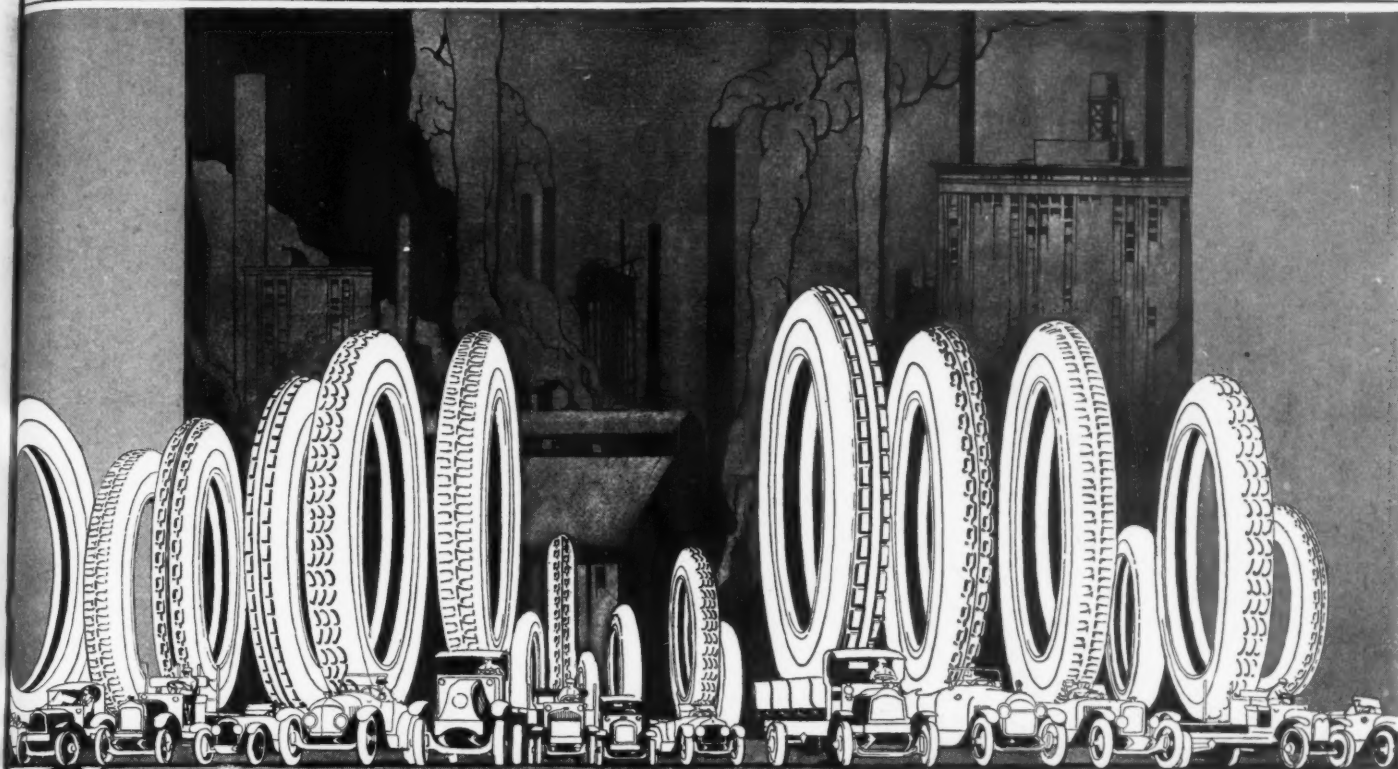
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Production Methods that Insure Tire Economy

This war has demonstrated as never before the advantage of sound business organization.

Quantity production is necessary for economy. Well-organized factories are essential for effective work.

United States Tires are the product of scientific business organization at its best. Each tire represents the latest discoveries of rubber experts. Each tire embodies the accumulated experience of the longest-established tire-making plants in America.

The building of each tire is governed by standards and inspection methods that assure balanced construction, of unfailing dependability.

Yet these quality tires are produced by millions.

Enormous quantity production means economical production. Our factories in strategic locations permit economical distribution.

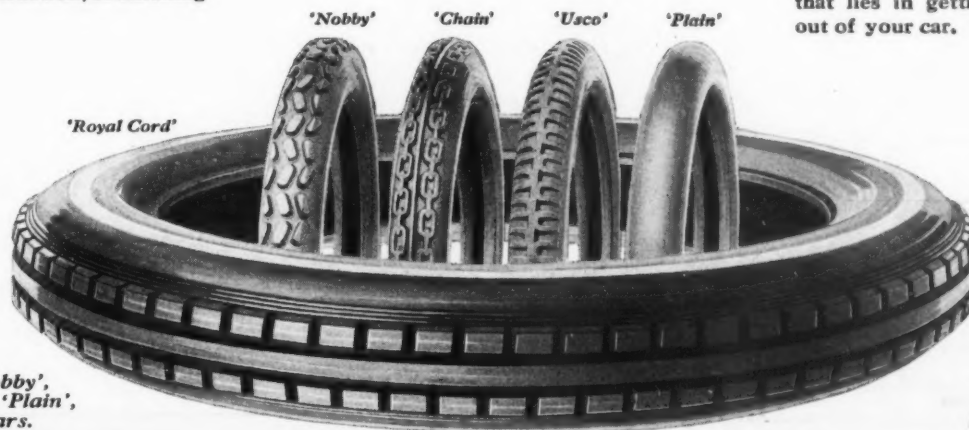
United States Tires are available to every motorist.

A well-organized Sales and Service organization with thousands of depots provides expert tire service to motor car owners everywhere. Equip with United States Tires.

United States Tires are Good Tires

There is real economy in their use. There is mileage economy; dollars-and-cents economy.

And the more important economy that lies in getting the utmost service out of your car.



'Royal Cord', 'Nobby', 'Chain', 'Usco' and 'Plain', for passenger cars.

Also tires for motor trucks, motorcycles, bicycles and airplanes.



The Huns Rejoiced

When the Lusitania was sunk. They did not realize that they had aroused the sleeping sea power of America. They did not rejoice when our advance fleet of destroyers joined the British navy, followed by our battleships and cruisers. When Democracy comes to its own, the combined fleets of Great Britain and the United States will control the destinies of the world. It is to our boys on the water that on July 11, 1918, will be dedicated

Special Offer

Enclosed find one Dollar (Canadian \$1.13, Foreign \$1.26). Send LIFE for three months to

Open only to new subscribers; no subscriptions renewed at this rate.

LIFE, 17 West 31st Street, New York. 45

One Year, \$5.00. (Canadian, \$5.52; Foreign, \$6.04.)

The Navy Number of

Life

Our soldiers and sailors all like LIFE. Send them your copy when you have read it, or better yet, enter a subscription.

Domestic rates are sufficient if subscriptions are sent to ships whose mail goes in care of the New York Postmaster, or to soldiers if addressed to them as members of the American Expeditionary Forces.

For the fleets and armies of our Allies, the rate is \$6.04.



Constipation is no respecter of ages. Your health, whatever your period and condition of life, depends largely on the regularity with which your system gets rid of the poisonous ashes of your body fuel.

NUJOL makes you regular as clockwork—without pain. It is gentle and sure, relieves without loss of appetite, and without weakening the delicate mechanism of the body. You have only one body—you owe it the best treatment. In other words—NUJOL—the *rational* treatment for constipation.

It is absolutely harmless. Try it.

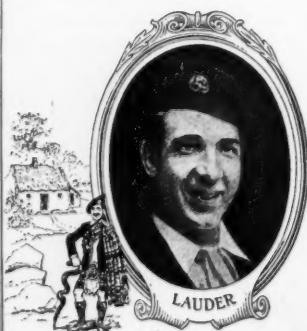
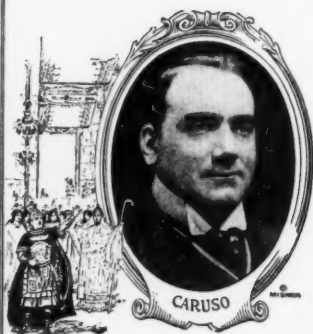
All drug stores in U. S. and Canada. In bottles only bearing NUJOL trademark. Never in bulk.

Send 50c and we will ship new kit size to U. S. soldiers and sailors anywhere. Write for free booklet.

STANDARD OIL CO. (NEW JERSEY)
BAYONNE, NEW JERSEY

Nujol *for constipation*





Victor Records

*-the living evidence
of an artist's greatness*

What is it that makes an artist famous? That wins the applause of appreciative audiences? That establishes an enviable reputation as a great artist in the hearts of music-lovers?

The answer is indelibly inscribed on Victor Records. They are the living evidence of an artist's greatness. They reproduce the art of the most famous singers and instrumentalists with unswerving fidelity.

With a Victrola you can enjoy these superb interpretations at will right in your own home. But *only with the Victrola*—for the world's greatest artists make records for the Victrola exclusively.

Any Victor dealer will gladly play for you any music you wish to hear, and demonstrate the various styles of the Victor and Victrola—\$12 to \$950. Saenger Voice Culture Records are invaluable to vocal students—ask to hear them.

Victor Talking Machine Co., Camden, N. J., U. S. A.
Berliner Gramophone Co., Montreal, Canadian Distributors

Important Notice. Victor Records and Victor Machines are scientifically coordinated and synchronized in the processes of manufacture, and their use one with the other, is absolutely essential to a perfect reproduction.

New Victor Records demonstrated at
all dealers on the 1st of each month

"Victrola" is the Registered Trade-mark of the Victor Talking Machine Company designating the products of this Company only.

Victor Supremacy



Victrola XVII, \$275
Victrola XVII, electric, \$332.50
Mahogany or oak

L I F E

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THE TRANSPORTS

Life's Horoscopes

CHARLES W. ELIOT



BORN in Boston March 20, 1834, the Sun, Moon, Libra and Pegasus being in total eclipse with the Back Bay, and highbrows prevalent on all horizons. The dominion of Aries denotes ambition, dignity, pride, but with marked democratic tendencies enabling the subject to be broad enough in his sympathies even to appear at Harvard class dinners, and even sometimes to mingle with professors and political economy.

Grows younger as time goes on. Should beware of making predictions about the war, avoid peace conferences, and confine himself to hating the Huns twelve hours a day. Looks well in a five-foot mother hubbard with tooled edges ornamented with lampoons.

LINDLEY M. GARRISON



ONE-TIME Secretary of War and now retired because he displayed too much foresight at a supremely critical time. This gentleman was born in Canada November 28, 1864, with Mars expectant, Neptune despondent and national guards triumphant. Blessed with a fatal tendency to be prepared for emergencies and an impatience of muddling, he will

achieve his highest distinction in any well regulated democracy. Should beware of red tape, pro-Germans, pacifists, and stick to his next job, at no matter what personal inconvenience.

The Aeronauts

SOMEWHERE in distant ether space
Two swift, elusive winged things
Met one another face to face,
Nor stayed their speeding wings.

"And who are you?" each gaily cried,
Soaring to farther heights above.
"I'm Riches," one of them replied;
The other said, "I'm Love."

Carolyn Wells Houghton.

Evidence

"SHE still has pacifist tendencies, hasn't she?"

"Oh, yes; she is still doing her bit to prolong the war as long as possible by advocating peace."



AN UNANTICIPATED INSPECTION FINDS PRIVATE PERKINS OPEN TO REPRIMAND FOR LACK OF ATTENTION TO HIS EQUIPMENT

Crowded

"I'm sorry, but we never feed tramps."

"Madam, I am not a tramp; I am a former railroad president."

"Well, I can't help it; you railroad presidents are getting so numerous that I have to draw the line at you also."



"WOODROW, SPARE THAT TREE!"



St. Peter: I'LL HAVE TO ASK YOU TO SIT DOWN AND WAIT FOR A COUPLE OF YEARS.

New Arrival: WHAT'S THE TROUBLE?

"WELL, WE HAVE A NEW WING ADMINISTRATOR. HE'S FROM THE UNITED STATES, AND IT TAKES HIM ABOUT THAT LONG TO GET ANYTHING FITTED."

Comparisons

ANDREW CARNEGIE is a pauper—compared to John D. Rockefeller.

Nat Goodwin is a celibate—compared to King Solomon.

Chauncey Depew is a youngster—compared to Methuselah.

Benedict Arnold is a popular hero—compared to Senator La Follette.

The Sphinx is a chatterbox—compared to Colonel House.

Woodrow Wilson has an easy job—compared to that of Atlas.

A Complicated Case

A WOMAN who was recently staying in a prominent New York hotel is suing the management because she was kissed by an intoxicated man who was in the elevator with her. She declares that her nervous system received a shock.

A hotel is, of course, bound to protect its guests from a reasonable amount of damage from total strangers, but this is a case that cannot be disposed of so easily.

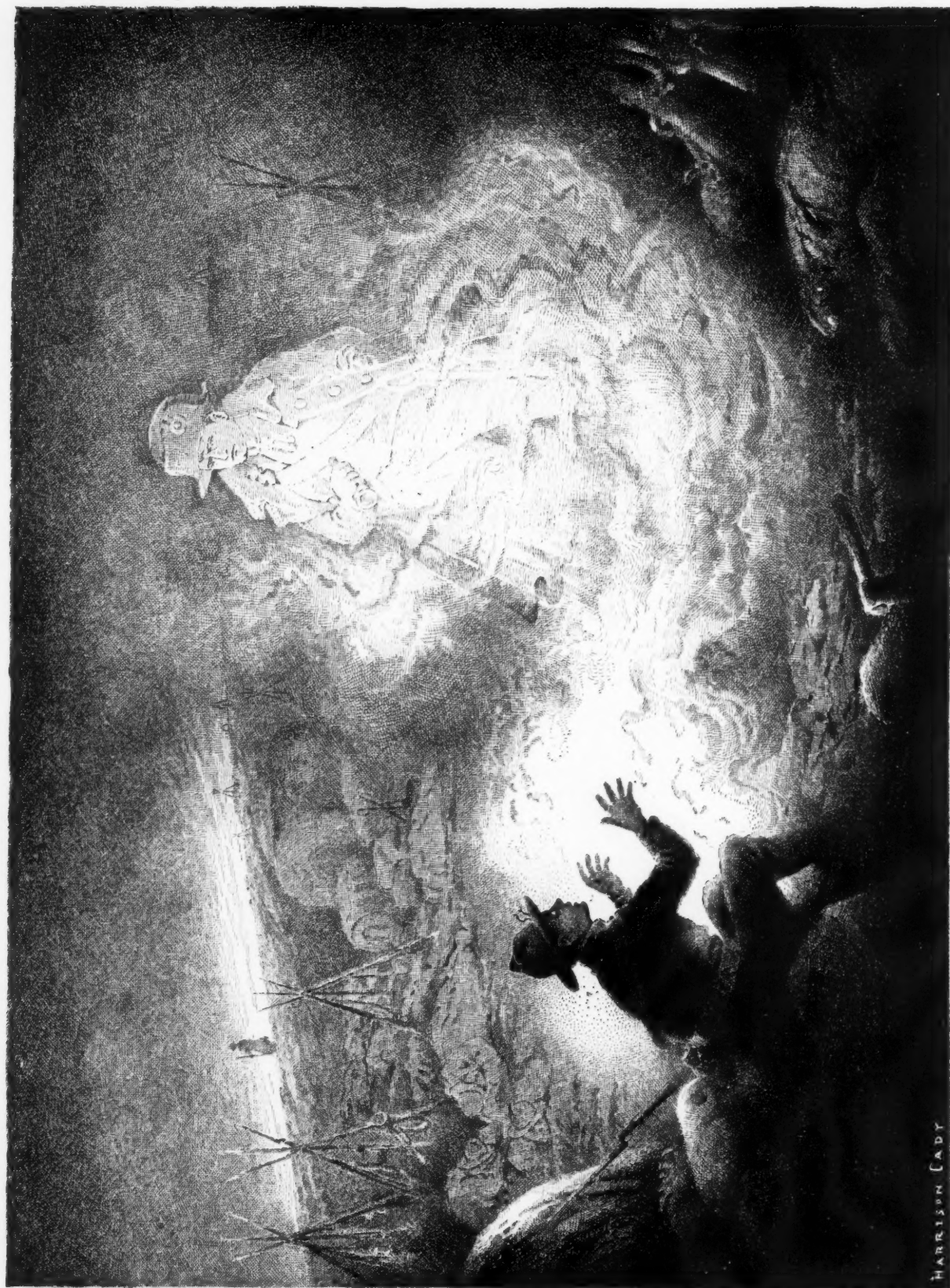
Some women would not object to be-

ing kissed by almost anybody. Some women are hard to please.

This man probably thought that he was well within the law, because they were both in New York. But undoubtedly he was too thoughtless. He should have married the woman first. Then, if he had ten thousand dollars, she could easily have gotten it away from him without his taking the trouble to kiss her.

DIDN'T Peggy marry a literary man?"

"Dear me, no; he's a magazine writer."



IN THE SMOKE OF A FLANDERS CAMPFIRE

HARRISON CADDY

The Jewish Mind in these States

WE have cherished and honored in this country during the last twenty years a type of mind totally different from any of the types to which our government owes its organization, our commercial system its development, our country its growth. It is the most destructive mind in the world, the most grasping and unabashed, one of the ablest, one of the most aspiring, and, in its own view, the most concerned for human welfare. It is the mind, one type of which was exhibited the other day in Kansas City at the trial of Mrs. Rose Pastor Stokes for violation of the Espionage Act. Mrs. Stokes is a Jewess, born in Russia thirty-nine years ago, who lived as a child in Whitechapel, London; was brought thence to Cleveland, and presently to New York, where she worked as a girl of ten in a cigar factory; was later employed by a newspaper, and presently married a rich philanthropist of one of the most benevolent and respected New York families. Her husband, after his marriage, turned Socialist, and went with his wife to live for a time in the heart of the Jewish section of New York. They were both active and vociferous Socialists, constantly appearing on lecture platforms, and especially propagating Socialist views in colleges and universities. Birth-control interested Mrs. Stokes, and she advocated that. The Pater-silk-riots claimed her, and she defended Quinlan, the

I. W. W. agitator who instigated them. "Much as I love the Stars and Stripes," she said at an anti-rent meeting in 1908, "I love the red flag better."

That seems to be the key of her mind and of minds of its type. The Russian Jews of her sort—the intellectual variety—have no real national feeling. They are loyal to Socialism, to Internationalism, to whatever untried ideal of human welfare may be floating in their heads at a given time, but are not bound by more than the loosest ties to any country or form of government. When the Socialist party in this country recorded itself last year as "unconcerned whether Autocracy or Democracy triumph," Mr. and Mrs. Stokes quit it. But *she* went back, and was readmitted. There was nothing in her to which the honor of the United States or its destiny as a nation was important. Why should they be important to a child of Ghettos, whose chief errand as a sojourner here has been to change what she could of what she found!

In February she thought, and announced, that in the Bolshevikiki lay the hope of permanent peace. In March at a Zionist meeting she said (we quote the *World*):

Great Britain and France are no more democratic than Germany. The Allies are seeking the ends of the capitalists, because they want to get rid of the Socialists. They are fighting like dogs among themselves, and are all seeking territory. Great Britain has been the enemy of ninety per cent. of the working people.

To be sure, Mrs. Stokes' opinions are not important in themselves. To be sure, John Spargo says she is a romanticist whose talk should not be taken seriously, and her husband says she has been misunderstood; but as a typical Jewish agitator she is interesting, and useful to illustrate what species of mind it is, whence derived and with what tradition, that is working in these days so busily and in such numbers to influence and medicate our civilization.

There is great modesty among our public writers about talking about Jews. In the newspapers they are an immense power. They are far above the average in intelligence and adaptability. Lots of them are very good; lots of them are agreeable; lots of them are in the war up to their necks and working hard for this country. Lots of American Jews, moreover, do love the United States and are true sons of it. But the Jewish mind is a totally different instrument from other minds that operate in these States. It has a different background, different racial instincts, different traditions, and with its great abilities and increasing grasp on all public concerns it is a factor of our future that deserves prayerful and attentive contemplation.

In Baruch and scores of like men we see it working for the good of the country. But what of the Hearst Jews that Hearst is so tender of? What of the I. W. W. Jews, the revolutionary Russian Jews, of whom Hillquit is one, with all breeds of bats in their noisy belfries?

Mr. Wilson says the war is knitting us all together. These various and somewhat ominous Jewish brethren—what of them? As the knitting goes on shall they be a part of the yarn, or are the rest of us to be the yarn and they the needles?

E. S. M.



Crown Prince: UND HE HAS SUCH A NICE GERMAN NAME, TOO



IF GEORGE WASHINGTON HAD BEEN A PRUSSIAN

Writers Needed in the Army

ONE thing that our American army is reported to need is men who can write orders. We are told that that is not a new want, but one which a German military critic pointed out as a defect of our army of twenty years ago—the Spanish war army, perhaps.

A young officer now in France, being asked before his departure in what position he thought he could be most useful, replied, "I ought to be regimental adjutant. Our adjutant was a plumber in civil life, and while he is doubtless a good man and will be a good soldier, the orders he gets out are appalling. They are twice as long as they should be, and so ill expressed and arranged that no one can understand them."

Of course, writing orders so that they can be understood and will make easy reading is a literary job, and ought to go to persons practiced in putting their ideas into writing and saying the most in the fewest words. It is a help if they know exactly what they want. The first essential to clear statement is a clear head, but, besides that, it is necessary to know the words and how to arrange them so that they will tell the truth.



1927

"BUT, MONSIEUR, WHY ARE YOU UNLOADING ALL THOSE BOXES ON MY LAND?"

"THESE ARE THE TWELVE THOUSAND AIRPLANES WE AMERICANS PROMISED TO DELIVER ON THIS SPOT IN 1918."

No Criterion

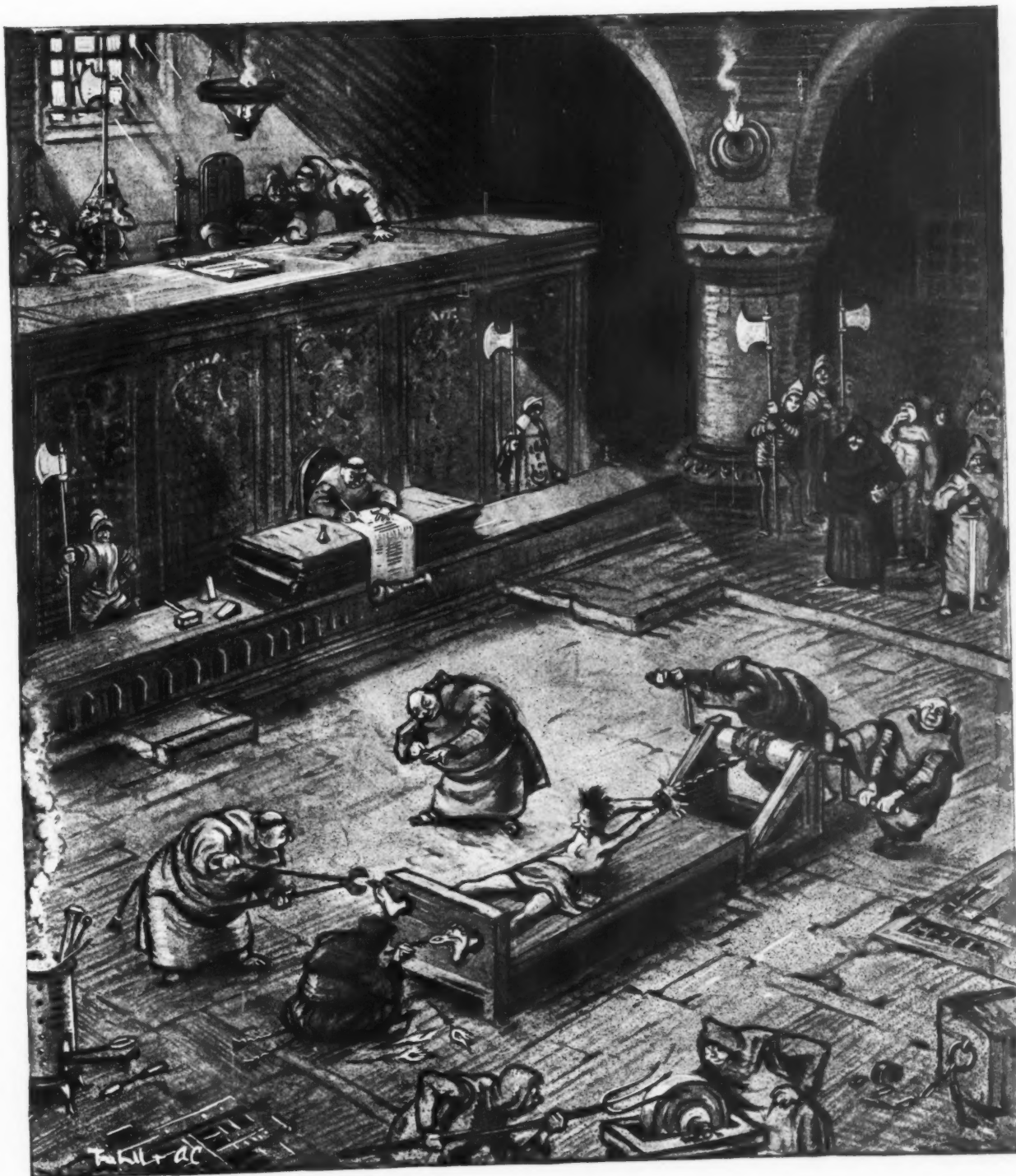
"MIXTER has rotten manners, hasn't he?"

"On the contrary, I have always found him to be a perfect gentleman."

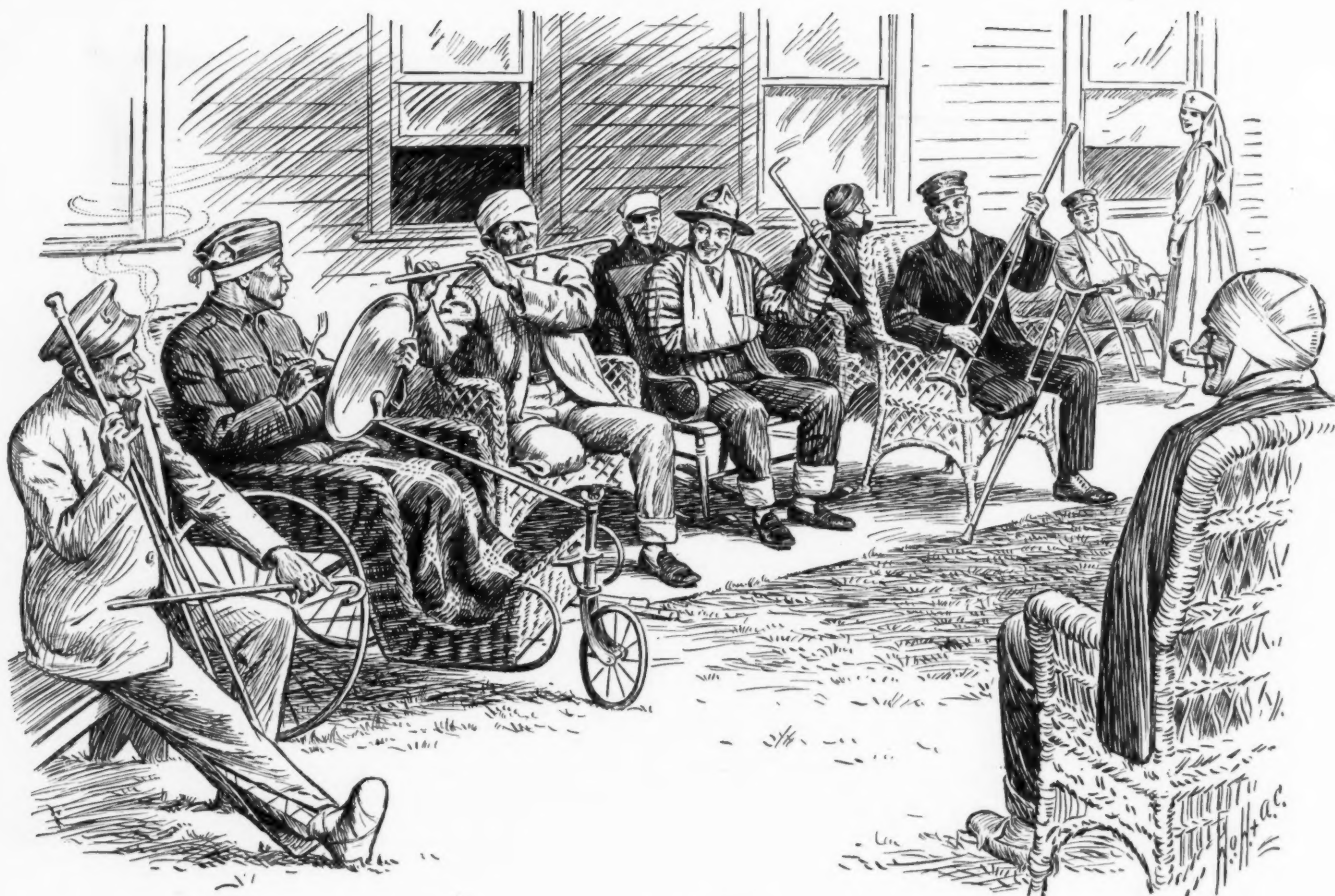
"Oh, well, you may be right. I have seen him only with his own family."



CALLED OUT



IN YE GOODE OLDE DAYS
YE THEOLOGICALLY ARGUMENTE



THE OPTIMISTS

Life's Title Contest

TO CONTESTANTS: After the close of the contest on May 6th it was disclosed that the total number of contributions was 168,308. The reading of these contributions with care entails a lot of labor, and we therefore beg the indulgence of all concerned. The reading is now completed, and the work of selection is going on as rapidly as possible. The verdict of the judges will be published in an early issue of LIFE, announcement of which will be made in advance.

Skilful Diagnosis

SPECIALIST: Your trouble, madam, is an alarming diminution and retardation of the respiratory function. My treatment will speedily accelerate both inhalation and exhalation, thereby relieving you from the oxygen starvation from which you now suffer. Because of the resulting purification of the blood, your circulation will be much improved, and life will assume new charms by reason of perfect metabolism.

PATIENT: I knew that other doctor didn't understand my case. He told me I must breathe more.



"GEE! I WISH I LIVED IN THE COUNTRY AND HAD A REAL GARDEN TO DIG IN!"

Just One Case

THE news that Thomas Skeyhill, the "blind soldier-poet," has had his eyesight restored by a simple osteopathic operation will probably not be received with enthusiasm by those gentlemen who, with the same spirit of progress we notice in the humble snail, hold up their hands in holy horror at the idea of osteopaths operating at the front.

Thomas Skeyhill, a signaller in the Anzac forces before Gallipoli in 1915, was blinded by the blast of an exploding shell. Thus blinded, he went about lecturing over the world, achieving a great reputation. From Australia he came to America, where he inaugurated an individual drive to raise one million dollars for the Red Cross. In San Francisco he broke down, and had to be taken to a hospital. But he struggled through until he reached Reno, when he once more broke down. But his invincible spirit carried him on, until he finally reached Washington.

In Washington he was examined by a specialist, who found that the verte-

brae at the base of Skeyhill's neck had been dislocated in three places, probably by the same shock that had caused his blindness. It was then that a simple osteopathic operation was performed, and the vertebrae snapped back into place. Skeyhill's sight was almost immediately restored. For a few days he suffered from color blindness, and the shock of the restoration temporarily unhinged his mind, but he came around all right. He can now see normally, this being the first case, so far as known, where a complete cure of shell shock has been effected.

Could anything be more reasonable than to assume that a science which restores the circulation to an afflicted area of the body, thereby giving Nature a chance to reassert herself, must of necessity be of service among the thousands of casualties taking place daily on the western front? Certainly when, in a particular case such as we have cited, sight is actually restored, osteopathy cannot be dismissed even by the most blinded prejudice.

To bar osteopathy from the front

lines is a crime against our boys, rendered even more glaring in the face of President Wilson's message that all forces should work together for the common defense.

Let us hope that the old-school prejudice, along with the blind soldier from Anzac, may also have its sight restored.

It Got By the Censor

A YOUNG wife received a letter recently from her husband somewhere in France, which got by the censor in spite of the fact that he told his exact location. The letter read: "I traveled six hours from Paris, and am twelve miles west of Baby Sparks. Plumbers always forget to bring them. Carpenters carry them in a wooden box. But none of these are as singular as my headquarters." After a bit of reflection the wife guessed her husband was in Toul. Baby Sparks puzzled her till a friend asked if she knew a family named Sparks. She did; the baby was named Nancy, and upon examining a map she found Nancy to be exactly twelve miles from Toul.



THE NEW RECTOR'S MOTTO
"Faint heart ne'er won fair laity"



JUNE 20, 1918

"While there is Life there's Hope"

VOL. 71
No. 1860

Published by

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THERE is a new drive on as this LIFE goes to press, but the newspapers, as yet, speak cheerfully of it, and report small gains for the Germans, bought at very large and gratifying cost of German lives. There is still some French territory to spare, provided it can be heaped high enough with dead Germans.

The United States marines have not yet captured Berlin, but they hope to, and the betting odds on a wager that they will do it before the Germans get to Paris would be interesting.

General Foch says the war can only be won by an offensive, and intimates that he is going to make one just as soon as he has time and has saved up troops enough.

Irvin S. Cobb, back from the war, asserts Victory Is Certain (headline in the *Tribune*) and that the Spirit of the American Troops Assures a Glorious Triumph; Secretary Daniels assured the Annapolis midshipmen that the Germans can never win the war, and Secretary Lansing assured Union College that the country won't be happy till it gets the Prussian scalp, or words to that effect.

That is the war news of the moment, and obviously it is satisfactory. The U-boats haven't sunk anything to hurt very much. We have a big wheat crop and a big army coming along rapidly, the bulk of the income tax has been collected, we are paying three cents a mile when we travel, the vegetable gardens in these parts have begun to feed us, there are fewer bugs and caterpillars about than there have been for years, the roses are in bloom,

and commencements are popping off in what is left of the colleges, and our troops are still crowding across the seas. Mr. Baker disclosed on June 10th that we had sent over 700,000 men. That is not enough, but it is a fine beginning.



SO the outlook is full of ginger, and still there isn't so very much to say about it. In the Napoleonic wars day-by-day comment was not much expected. To American papers there came a morsel of news once a month or so, and it was printed, and people went on waiting. British papers of those times did somewhat better, but not very much. Our main job in this war is to push like fury behind if we can't be at the front, and to go on waiting. The waiting is not bad, because it is alleviated by consciousness of a great effort and by confidence that it will succeed. There is confidence in Foch; confidence in Allied power to keep the seas reasonably safe for Allied ships; confidence in the ability of the Allied troops on the west front to hold and kill the Germans, with whatever losses of territory, until the time comes to strike them, and confidence that when that time does come there will be force enough to make the blow decisive. To make it come true that the force shall be sufficient is the job of the United States, and most of us believe that it is being handled effectively.

We have to go a good deal by faith. We get little news of what the navy is doing, and nothing but private news about the sailing of transports. There

are stories in the papers about sinking of submarines, and some of them read true, but we don't get reliable figures about them. We simply have confidence that our sea-gentlemen know their business and have good facilities for hunting submarines, and that the German U-boats are being duly hunted.

We get stories about the gallant and successful fighting of our marines, and of other American units, and we believe them and rejoice in them, not because the exploits they recount measure up very big in the mass of such fighting as is going on, but because they are evidence of quality; evidence that our fighting men can fight, and that our large country hasn't been sweating a year and two months for nothing.

But the main employment that goes on in the back of people's heads when their hands and the front of their minds are busy, is waiting. We all wait for the end; for great news that will one day come from the western front, or from back in the Central Empires, and that will mean the beginning of the end, and the reconstruction of the world.



THIS coming news that we wait for is so momentous that the discussions that fill space in the papers from day to day meanwhile seem thin. But space has to be filled; it is impossible to get far away from the great topic, and if the minor ones seem more trifling than usual it is the fault of the times. When the *Sun* devotes a couple of columns to the former views of George Creel about the reformation of society, it seems a good deal of attention to give to George's hopes, but the columns are filled without libel, and no important information is given to the enemy. That is the first aim of newspapers now, to avoid giving information to the enemy or violating the new law that says what you mustn't say. When the *World* (Sunday, June 9th) gives a large and conspicuous place to somebody's discovery that every child ought to be endowed by the state, it seems a bit foolish, but there is nothing in it of the slightest value to the enemy and it doesn't violate the law.



Fortune-Teller: YOU WILL CROSS WATER, SAM, AND MEET AN ENEMY; BUT YOU WILL BE SUCCESSFUL



THESE times being rather dull editorial times—because everything necessary to say has been said and the great news has not come yet—it is to rejoice in the recovery of Colonel Watterson, dean of editorial writers, who can flavor the editorial turnip so it tastes like pineapple, or even ginger.

Marse Henry is never bound down by time or space. When the present is dull he writes about the past, and when the past grows tiresome, about the future. Congratulations to him on taking the Pulitzer prize for the best editorial! Also for getting better of a

dangerous illness. His double leads shine again in the *Courier-Journal*. The Kaiser, he says, has made himself half-brother to Satan. What has Satan been doing now, do you suppose?

A fairly good and steady topic, while it lasts, is General Wood. Colonel and Chief Shepherd of the People George Harvey laments about him eloquently in his *War Weekly*. But why lament? Is there anything to do a public man good like a good grievance well advertised? Mr. Baker wouldn't tell the Senate Committee on Military Affairs why he was keeping General Wood at home, but he said there was neither politics nor ill will in it, and that it was for the good of the service and quite proper. Yet there may be politics

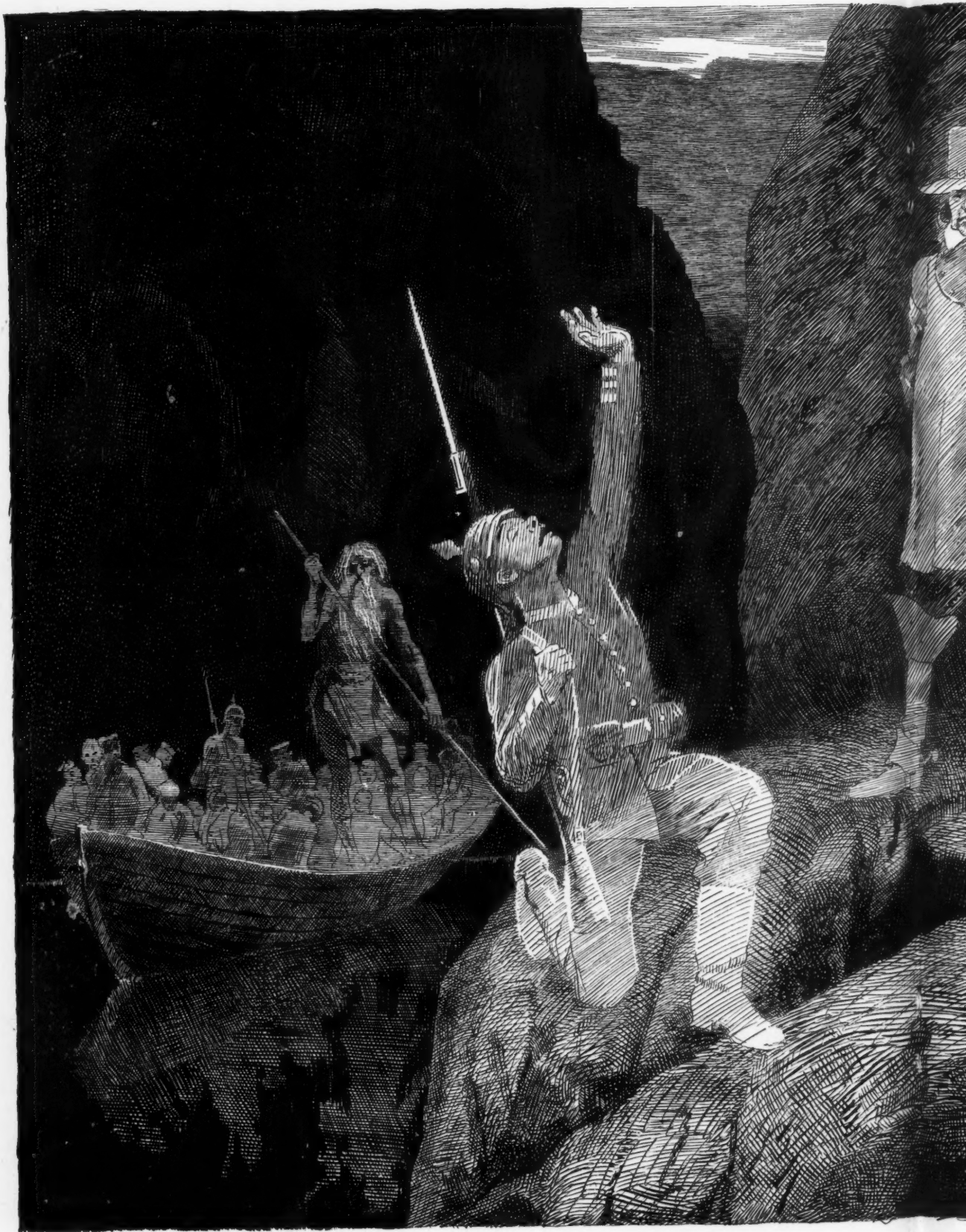
in it, for if Colonels George and Henry get heartily to work on it, and Mr. Baker is disappointed in finding a better job for General Wood than fighting in France, they may make General Wood the Republican candidate for President. If General Wood has a grievance he is all right. Ditto, of course, if he hasn't. The Republicans need a candidate mightily, and if they can't put up the man who won the war they may put up the man of whom they can assert that he would have won it if Baker had let him.



IN Congress the dries are still trying to make this a bone-dry country. Last month came the Randall amendment to the Food Survey Bill prohibiting the President from spending money for the food survey until he had issued a proclamation against the use of food-stuffs in manufacture of wine or beer.

To this the President and Mr. Hoover objected that to stop the supply of wine and beer would drive the drinkers to whiskey, of which there was a large stock on hand. This objection has been met by an amendment proposed by Senator Jones of Washington, which includes everything in the Randall amendment and adds a prohibition of the sale or transport of distilled spirits for beverage purposes during the continuance of the war.

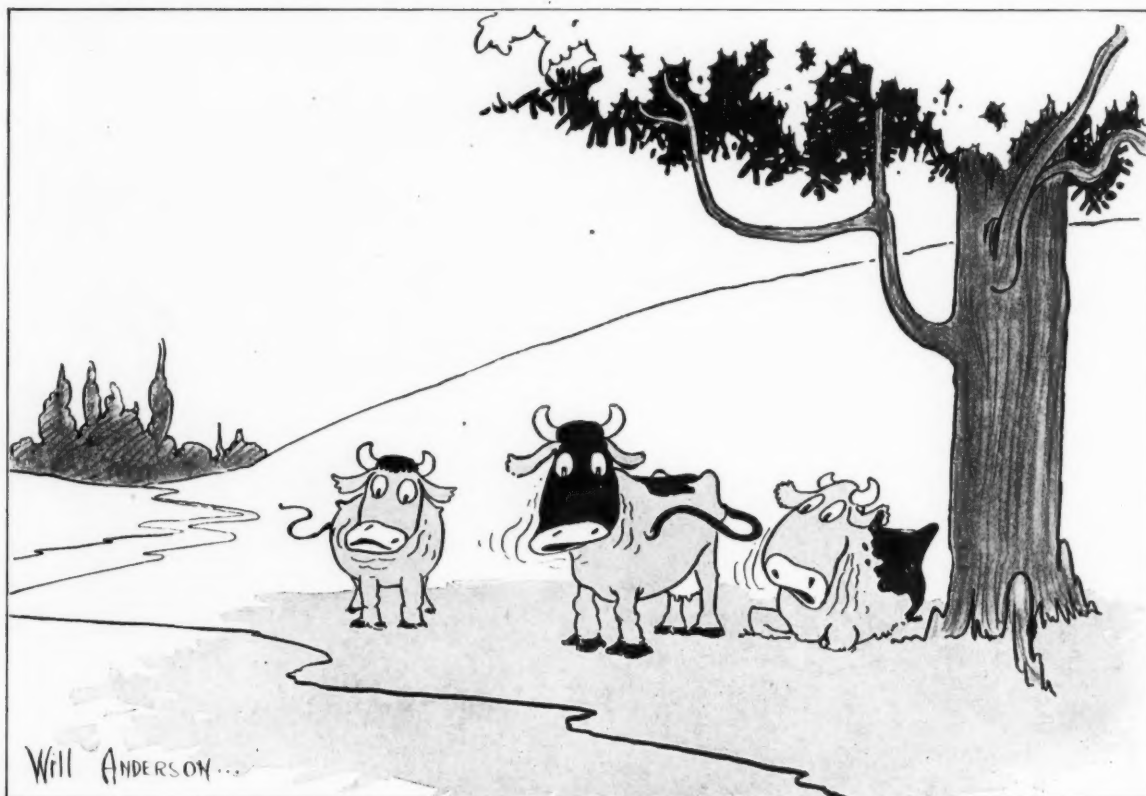
If the dry brethren get this measure through they may produce (if the war lasts long enough) a very general aridity for a time in this country, and of course they will work hard to make it permanent. But the cause of Prohibition ought to pray to be spared from its friends. Universal dryness in this country would be followed by wetness with the same certainty that day follows night. The exclusion of alcoholic drinks from our training camps seems a good thing, but the thirsty condition of men who have lived long in such camps bodes ill for Prohibition after the war. Mankind is going to drink a good deal in the next ten years. Far better to continue to provide the least dangerous alcoholic drinks against the coming of the after-the-war thirst.



"We Fought for Liberty"



ght for Liberty -- You Against It"



THE INVENTORS OF THE CHEWING-GUM FAD

Who Is John Haynes Holmes?

WHO is John Haynes Holmes? We have often wanted to know, but never before dared to ask.

That he is a person of some importance we have no doubt. Occasionally we see his name in the papers in connection with something that is being done somewhere. That is enough to insure that he is of some consequence.

Last summer we noticed that he had gone on his vacation. We sincerely hope that this summer he will take another one. We say this in no malignant spirit. We have nothing against him. We believe that the time has now come when we should all work together. We are going to make a desperate effort to get along with John Haynes Holmes, even if we don't know anything about him.

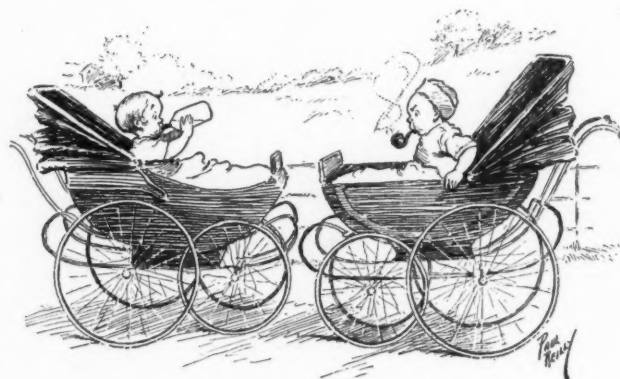
We have never yet seen any human being in whom there was not some good. We believe, in spite of what some people may say against John Haynes Holmes, that much can be made of him.

Maybe he did not have the proper influences about him when he was young. Maybe he did. Sometimes it doesn't make any difference. We have seen perfectly good men go wrong when everything in the world has been done for them. We don't say that John Haynes Holmes has gone wrong. We wouldn't say that about any man of whom we know nothing. We are perfectly willing to believe any-

thing good of him. We would even go so far as to make an effort to believe this, because when you show a man you really believe in him it helps him to do better. If John Haynes Holmes needs help, we are perfectly willing to give it to him. We will do what we can for any deserving man, no matter who he is—even if he is John Haynes Holmes.

Not that he may need our help. Perhaps he doesn't.

T. L. M.



"GO ON, YOU MILKSOP!"



AFTER THE WAR
 THE FIRST GERMAN TRAVELING SALESMAN LANDS IN AMERICA

The Ideal American Town

In the Churches

PATRIOTIC sermons being preached.

Community war-work being planned.
Service flags being unfurled.

In the Schools

Americanism being taught.

Flag drills being given.

National songs being sung.

In the Homes

Food being conserved.

Sweaters and socks being knitted.

Letters to the front being written.

Thrift Stamps, War Certificates and

Liberty Bonds being bought.

In the Theatres

Councils of defense being held.

Stirring addresses being made.

"The Star Spangled Banner" being played.

In the Stores

Men's work being done by women.

Packages being carried by customers.

War economies being practiced.

On the Streets

The Stars and Stripes being displayed.

Suspicious people being watched.

Parades of patriots being given.

In the Suburbs

War gardens being cultivated.

Boy Scouts being drilled.

A Wasted Life

BARON MUNCHAUSEN poised himself on the boat-landing of the Hades Athletic Club, took a deep breath, closed his eyes, clenched his hands and otherwise made it plain that he was going to jump into the Styx and end it all.

"Here! Here!" cried Charon, who was seated on the float waiting for a fare. "What's the trouble, baron?"

The baron relaxed, opened his eyes and glared balefully at the old ferryman.

"Matter!" he exclaimed, disgustedly. "Matter enough! I've spent hundreds of years learning how to tell lies that will make my hearers gasp with amazement, haven't I?"

"You certainly have, baron," replied Charon. "You can tell lies that just naturally make my hair curl."

"Yes," cried the baron, bitterly, "and what is my reward? Ten minutes ago a new arrival drifted into the



" — THESE — HUNS!"
"MY DEAR! MY DEAR! WHAT DREADFUL LANGUAGE FOR A LADY TO USE!"
"WHY, MOTHER, YOU CAN'T BE A LADY WITHOUT SWEARING AT THESE — HUNS!"

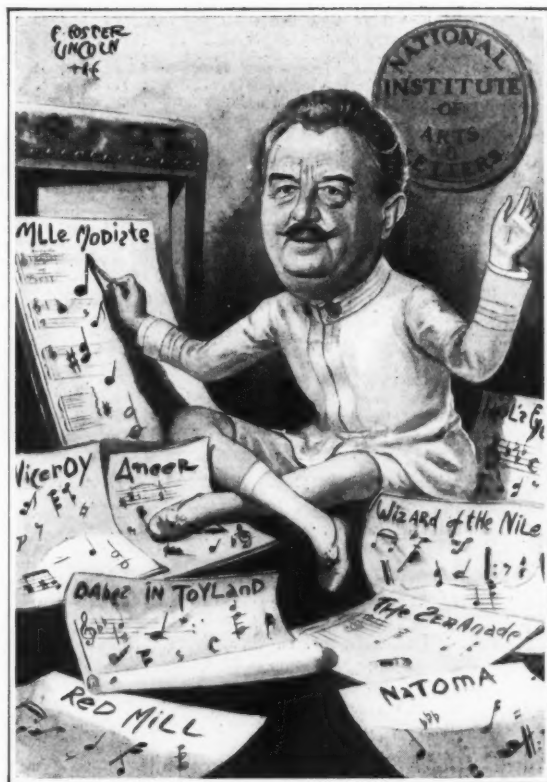
club smoking-room and started to tell the things that the United States had done since she started to fight Germany: how she had built entire cities in France, and established complete railroad systems, and shipped an army three thousand miles with scarcely a man lost, and a heap of other things; and will you believe it, Charon, when I started to cap his stories with the best lies I could tell, my stuff sounded weak and flat and insipid by comparison. I tell you this other chap's stuff was hair-raising compared with mine; and his was the truth and mine was a lie. What's the use, Charon! My entire life is wasted!"

Closing his eyes and clenching his hands once more, Baron Munchausen took a header into the Styx; and this time Charon made no attempt to stop him.

"DO you think George Creel ought to have apologized to Congress for linking it up with the slums?"

"Why not? His duties are such that he probably goes on the principle that whenever he tells the truth he ought to apologize for it."

THE road to yesterday wouldn't be so rocky if it didn't have to pass through last night.



VICTOR HERBERT



WILLIE TAFT

HISTORIC BOYS

Billy Sunday

Rev. Billy Sunday is as famous a man as we have to-day. Certainly no one will claim he is a great preacher; certainly he does not preach the Christian religion. He is not a man of unusual intelligence. Why did the world grant him its attention?

—E. W. Howe.

BECAUSE he has a genius for vulgarity. Vulgarity, considered by itself, is of no particular consequence and does not attract attention. There is too much of it, and everybody has it more or less. But to make vulgarity dramatic is what Billy Sunday has done, and of course he deserves proper credit.

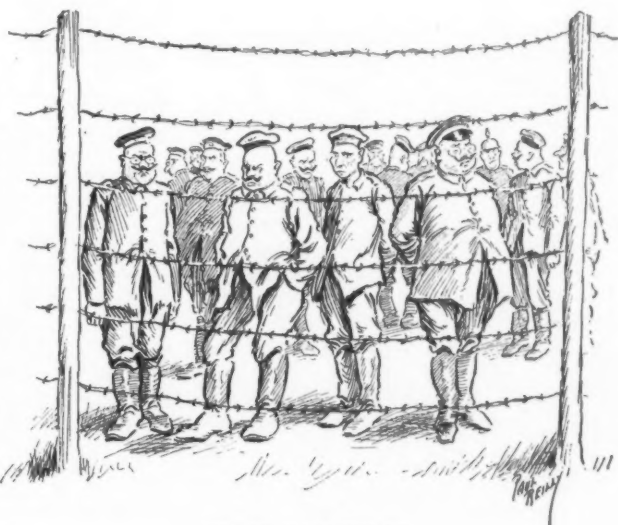
If a man has dramatic qualities of a high order, and applies them to music, then he becomes a great musician; to literature, and he becomes a great writer; to oratory, and he becomes a great orator. Billy Sunday has applied his dramatic qualities to vulgarity, and made a holy show of it. He has taken a combination of cursing and swearing and slang and mud, and readjusted it according to certain well-known dramatic principles. And that is why the world listens to him.

WELL, I see President Wilson has asked Mr. Hughes to help in the war."

"That's good. Maybe some day he'll ask Leonard Wood."

THEY say the Huns are likely to bomb New York at any time now."

"Well, they can't make our streets much worse than they are."



FOREIGN MALE MATTER

Two Kinds of Americanism



EMILE GIRAUD,
BABY 2320

FRANCE, within her own borders, is coming to an intimate acquaintance with two phases of American character, both of which in their present manifestation are bound to make for an even greater future esteem between the two countries. One is the efficiency and fighting quality of the American soldier. The other is less brilliant, but it is penetrating into the very hearts of the French people. In Paris, in the larger cities and towns, even in the smallest and most remote villages and hamlets, there are mothers and little children who have come to know American generosity and sympathy for those in poverty and unhappiness. How LIFE's readers have helped to make known to the people of our sister nation this side of American character is shown, but only coldly, in the figures below.

LIFE has received for the French Babies' Fund, in all, \$209,368.74, from which there have been remitted to Paris 1,157,444.95 francs. We gratefully acknowledge from

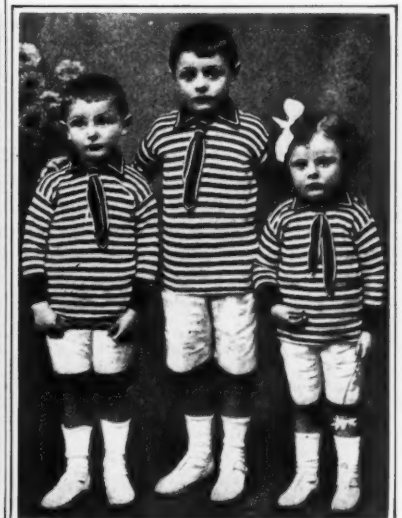
J. Howard Cowperthwait, Englewood, N. J., for Baby No. 2737	\$73
The Senior Class of Ossining School, Ossining, N. Y., for Baby No. 2738	73
Proceeds of a concert given under the auspices of the Red Cross Auxiliary of the First Presbyterian Church, East Liverpool, Ohio, for Baby No. 2739	73
"The Stars and Stripes Knitting Club of the Franklin School," Buffalo, N. Y., for Babies Nos. 2741 and 2742	146
The Paseo Club, City of Mexico, for Baby No. 2744	73
Mr. and Mrs. H. A. Sanford, Mocksville, N. C., for Baby No. 2745	73
Employees of the State of New York Insurance Department, Albany, N. Y., for Baby No. 2746	73
A. and J. Bissell, Rome, N. Y., for Baby No. 2747	73
L. H. Towne, Edgerton, Wis., for Baby No. 2749	73
Mrs. John Frederick Hussey, Danvers, Mass., renewal of subscription for Baby No. 105	73
Ben. C. Holt, Spokane, Wash., balance due on renewal of subscription for Baby No. 54	1
Lieut. J. W. Norworthy, New Haven, Conn., renewal for one year of subscription for Baby No. 590	36.50



THE GOURION FAMILY WITH ANNA,
BABY 2445



PAUL DEVIN, BABY 2088, AND HIS
BROTHERS



HENRI GUSCHMERRE, BABY 1941, AND
HIS BROTHERS

Elizabeth Lacombe Moses, Lawrence Park West, Bronxville, N. Y., renewal of subscription for Baby No. 70	73
"Carlyle and Henry," Los Angeles, Cal., renewal of subscription for Baby No. 45	73
Mr. and Mrs. F. A. B., Jr., New Prague, Minn., renewal of subscription for Baby No. 93	73
A gentleman and wife of Wallace, Idaho, renewal of subscription for Baby No. 46	73
Mrs. W. E. Lowe, New York City, renewal of subscription for Baby No. 153	73
Guy Richards McLane, New York City, renewal of subscription for Babies Nos. 340 and 341	146

PAYMENTS ON ACCOUNT: Proceeds of a concert given under the auspices of the Red Cross Auxiliary of the First Presbyterian Church, East Liverpool, Ohio, \$52; McKinley School, Phoenix, Ariz., \$14; Miss Louise Ruffin, Como, Miss., \$15; "Anonymous," Livingston, Ala., \$9; C. E. Pierce, Joliet, Mont., \$5; The Women's Auxiliary of the Roxbury, N. Y., Y. M. C. A., \$33; Carol Daube and Florence Davis, Northampton, Mass., \$10; Ethical Culture School, New York City, \$6; "Memorial to Emma B. Bryner," Davenport, Iowa, \$5; "Tampico," \$11; "The Youngsters," Charleston, S. C., \$9; Mr. and Mrs. A. Kenney Clarke, New York City, \$10; "The Lendahand Club," Yonkers, N. Y., \$3; "Fleur de Lys Aid Club," Gastonia, N. C., \$58.40; Master John McClellan, San Diego, Cal., \$36.50; The Bryn Mawr School, Baltimore, Md., \$28.42; Winifred Morris, Swarthmore, Pa., \$3; Harry D. Bickley, Williamsburg, Pa., \$3; Mrs. A. S. Sigurdson, Valley City, N. D., \$3.

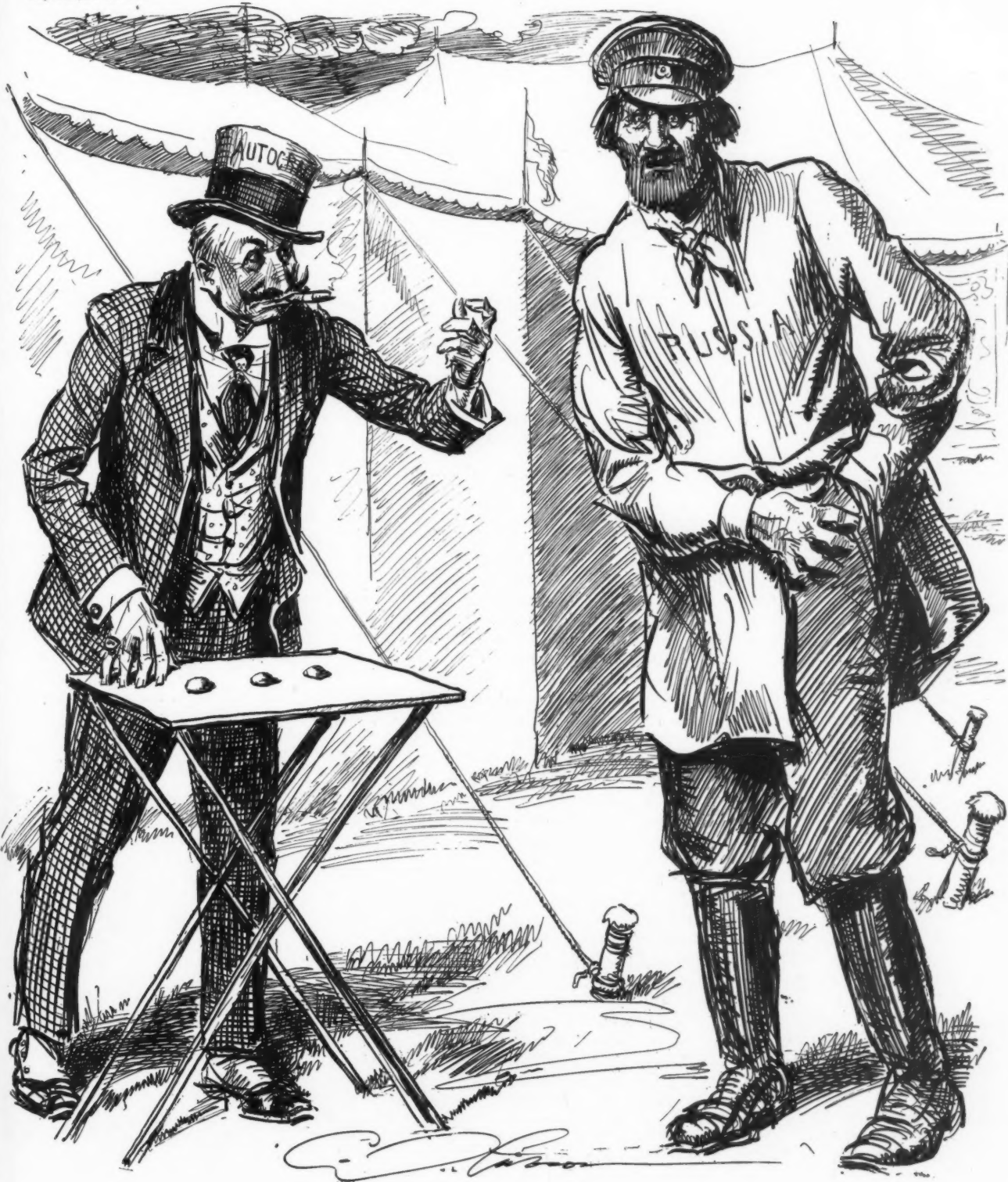
BABY NUMBER 2709	
Already acknowledged	\$60.03
Robert E. Morse, Camp S. F. B. Morse, Leon Springs, Texas.	5
The Valets of the Vanderbilt Hotel, New York City	5
Wm. Kohman, Galveston, Texas	2.97

BABY NUMBER 2736	
Already acknowledged	\$36.50
Louise Michaels, Richmond, Va.	25
Proceeds of an entertainment given by the girls of Fassifern School, Hendersonville, N. C.	11.50

BABY NUMBER 2735	
Already acknowledged	\$36.50
Miss Hettie Sibley, Birmingham, Ala.	3
Wm. Kohman, Galveston, Texas	2.03
"Rockford"	2
"A. H. T.," Syracuse, N. Y.	5
From Ellen W. Martien, Monkton, Md., in behalf of Mrs. Faison Dixon, Mrs. English Bagby and Miss Harriet Hulley	18.25

BABY NUMBER 2750	
Proceeds of an entertainment given by the girls of Fassifern School, Hendersonville, N. C.	\$17.50
The children of the Public School, Durant, Miss.	36.50
	\$54

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THE SAME OLD TRICK

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\$66.78
\$17.50
36.50
\$54

END



A "WELL ORDERED" NATION

Some Open Letters

To John D. Rockefeller.

DEAR SIR: I see by the papers that, while you have an income tax for the current fiscal year of over thirty-eight millions on which to pay, you have also, right on top of this, given two hundred thousand dollars to the Red Cross, and I ask you, sir, to pause before you go too far. It is right, of course, for every patriotic citizen to give to the Red Cross, or to his country, until it hurts, but this does not necessarily mean that he shall run the risk of becoming a charge on the community. Have you considered this carefully? The question is, naturally, whether you have not already done enough by paying an income tax on thirty-eight millions. Ought you to go on after this, and gradually get into the habit of becoming so reckless with what little money you may have left as to cause us to worry about what is going to happen to you in case you should be left without any means of support? You must not forget that in ordinary times most of us could help you out with the loan of a few dollars to tide you over. But just now, when we have to buy uniforms for the boys and ships and other things, we don't see how we could possibly do anything for you. So please consider what you are doing. Remember it is your duty to look out for yourself. Remember that although Uncle Sam has done what he could to take care of you in the past he is so busy now that he might, possibly, overlook your more urgent needs.

Affectionately yours,

LIFE.

Hon. Claude Kitchin.

Dear Sir: I notice by the papers that you state that, so far as you can judge, or words to that effect, most of the newspapers and magazines appear to favor the zone system,

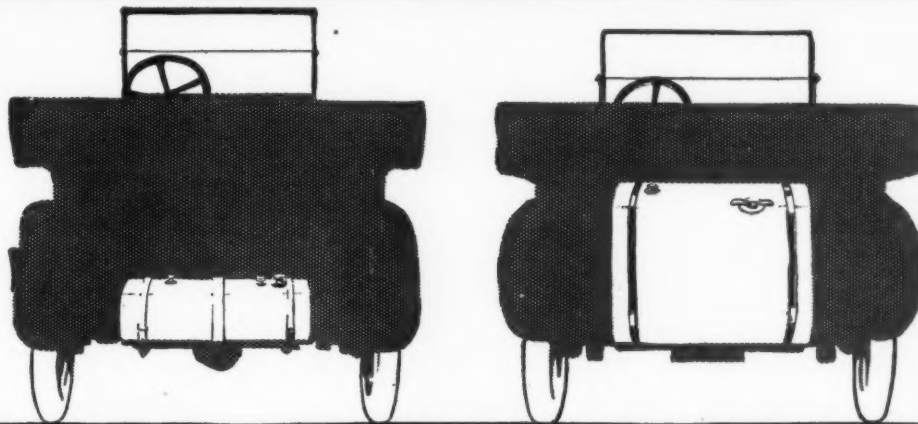
and it gives me great pleasure to tell you that, in corroboration of your distinguished views, I have also noticed similar things. For example, I am glad to state that, so far as my personal observations extend, all the birds fly south in summer and north in winter; that polar bears are becoming so plentiful in Cuba and South America as to be a menace to democracy in those regions; that cotton is now growing in Maine, and that congressmen are all unanimously in favor of having an excess-profits tax taken off their salaries. Hoping that this will find you the same, I am, with great respect,

Unmendaciously yours,

LIFE.



Novice: WHAT CLUB SHALL I USE, CADDIE?
"WELL, I GUESS A DUSTPAN AN' BRUSH'D BE ABOUT DE T'ING FER YE, MA'AM."



How Big Should the Gasoline Tank Be?

A Motoring Question that Demonstrates Franklin Economy

Suppose you could fill the gasoline tank only once—with 270 miles to go; how big should the tank be?

"It depends on how much gasoline the car burns up"—would naturally be your answer to this question.

Exactly; and your answer leads directly to the reason why the Franklin is the most economical fine car in America.

The Story Told by the Gasoline Tanks

The Franklin Car (the one on the left in the above picture) because it is scientifically free from unnecessary weight, runs 270 miles on its gasoline tank capacity of 13½ gallons. This is at the rate of 20 miles to the gallon.

The average heavy car (on the right) to run the same distance, would require a cumbersome gasoline tank holding 27 gallons—at the rate of only 10 miles to the gallon.

Why?

Simply because of the mechanical law—as old as the ages—that weight requires power in proportion to move it. And the more power needed, the more gasoline consumed. Wherever

there is excessive weight, there is friction, wear and drag—and it always shows up in the gasoline tank.

Weight Means Waste

This question of motor car weight has made people think. The vital national need is economy—in motoring as in everything—and the average heavy and rigid car is handicapped in its attempt to comply with the demand. It is bound to use extra fuel moving its own excessive weight, while the easy rolling, Scientific Light Weight Franklin, with its flexible construction, delivers the maximum force of its fuel into actual mileage.

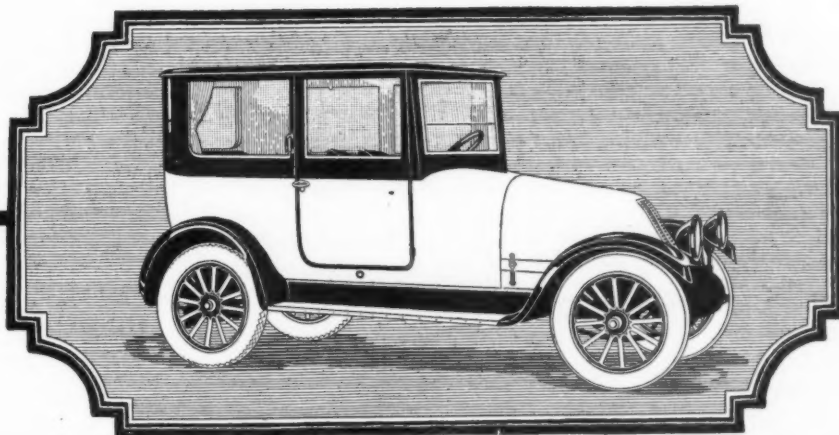
Light Weight Means Tire Economy

The same fundamentals decide tire-results. Heavy weight and rigidity pound out tires before their time. Franklin Light Weight and Flexibility allow them to deliver their full mileage.

Motorists are no longer blind to the handicaps of weight. They are not throwing money away, in the upkeep costs of a wasteful motor car. They are demanding motor efficiency that at least is comparable to Franklin facts of performance—

20 Miles to the gallon of gasoline—instead of 10
10,000 Miles to the set of tires—instead of 5,000

FRANKLIN AUTOMOBILE COMPANY, SYRACUSE, N. Y.





Polite Workman: TAKE OFF YER HAT, YE ROUGH-NECK! IT'S ALL THE SAME AS AN ELEVATOR

Trivial

IT appears that in a recent conference of the House Military Affairs Committee an item of four billions was lost sight of,—that is to say, overlooked. This four billions, which had been included for fortifications, had already been provided for in another bill. Whereupon Mr. Sherley of the committee exclaimed, "We have found four billions."

If some of us, as private individuals, had, in going over our household accounts, discovered that we were four billions better off than we thought we were, we should doubtless be pardoned for expressing some degree of complacency. But we cannot understand why any congressional committee in

these days should betray any emotion over a detail like this.

Perhaps it was an off day with the committee. Sometimes, when your mind has been occupied in conference by continuous hard talking, it will suddenly lapse and become interested in any trifling thing.

New Words Coming

LOOK out for a new word—to bungle; just such another word as to bungle, which derives, no doubt, from a Mr. Bungle who, some time in the back reaches of antiquity, undertook a job.

The verb to creel may also transpire when its definition becomes a little more obvious.

"Jusqu'au Bout"

DESPITE the perils of the seas,
The menace of the "U,"
We soldiers of the U. S. A.
Have kept our *rendez-vous*
With France and England. Hand in
hand
To do "our bit" in this far land
And show the Boche just where we
stand,
From now on—"Jusqu'au bout."

We've heard about the famous Marne,
And ravished Belgium, too;
Of that long battle of Verdun, where
Fritz could not break through;
Of all the endless deeds of shame
That smear with blood the Hun's dark
fame—

That is one reason why we came:
Why we'll stay—"Jusqu'au bout."

Our hearts we long since gave to
France;

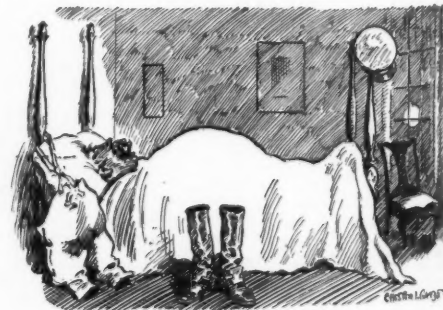
We pledge them now, anew,
To you, brave Poilus, on the front!
Great

Marshal Joffre—to you!
We're proud and glad, without a sigh,
To bleed for France, perchance to die.
That is another reason why
We're with her—"Jusqu'au bout."

But our chief aim in coming here, to do
What we shall do,
Is that our Flag—our peerless Flag—
our own

Red, White and Blue,
Shall stand for Right and Liberty,
Freedom for all Humanity:

It is for that we fight, and we
Shall fight on—"Jusqu'au bout."
Leslie Caldwell.



A RETIRED GENERAL

The Latest Books

UP near the old grist mill on Dell Creek there used to be an oak tree against which, in its youth, someone had leaned part of a broken millstone. Perhaps the edge of it had cut into the tree when it was tossed there. At any rate, the bark had parted and grown out along either side until, when a foot or so of the stone was embedded in the wood, the tree had lifted it off the ground. The last time I was out there I thought for a moment that the oak had gotten rid of the incubus. And then, running my eyes up the smooth trunk, I saw that the stone (it must weigh a couple of hundred) was three feet above the ground. Mary S. Watts's new novel, "The Boardman Family" (Macmillan, \$1.50), made me think of it.

IT is ten years since Mrs. Watts's first (and apparently forgotten) novel, "The Tenants," appeared—a charming, live thing, quite *sui generis* and, withal, a breathing likeness of the 1880's. It did not sell, however, and when her next novel, "Nathan Burke,"

Caste Three"

is a segment out of the life of Hewitt Stevenson, who begins by being young, pseudo-intellectual, and unsocial. Hewitt sojourns in Alston, Indiana, because his father refuses to pay anything but agricultural school expenses, but Hewitt has interests other than those connected with the soil. So he relinquishes Chicago as a place of residence, and accepts Alston as a necessary evil—until a woman out of Caste Three teaches him that the life led by Alston's leading citizens is very fascinating. She teaches him other things, too.

Hewitt proceeds to investigate Alston sociologically, and ends in forgetting to investigate himself. But by that time the ocean of intellectual achievement looks stormy and rough. On shore one is at least sure of oneself and one's footing. Hewitt chooses. How and why he chose as he did is the story. "Caste Three" is by a new novelist with a fresh touch. It is published by The Century Co., New York, and is sold at all bookstores for \$1.40.



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(Derivative Compound)

A Happy, Healthy, Little Body

Animated features, a lively interest in play, and an exuberance of animal spirits, show a happy mind in a healthy little body. To assist in promoting the health of children, and to prevent their lesser ailments, Eno's "Fruit Salt" long has been a valued and efficacious aid for constipation. Its bubbling sparkle and agreeable taste win the childish fancy, and it is quite as safe and beneficial for children as it is for parents.

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New York, U. S. A.—Toronto, Can.

came out, it was quite apparent that someone had taken the author in hand. Her life-loving spontaneity of creativeness was unimpaired, but had been made to adapt itself to the artificial requirements of popular fiction—plot, "situation," "action," excitement. Mrs. Watts became a best seller. But the millstone of orthodoxy had been leaned against the young oak, and each of her succeeding novels has shown, now in one form and now in another, the

struggle between the living sap and the extraneous stone.

THE tale of contemporary American life contained in "The Boardman Family"—a history in which the influences and developments of the past decade, assailing and gradually disintegrating such aristocratic traditions as existed in a smallish Ohio city, work their diverse effects upon the several

(Continued on page 1003)



Telephone Conversation, A. D. 6000

Spiritualistic lady has just called up her husband who is dead:

S. L.: John, dear, is that you?

JOHN: Yes, my dear.

S. L.: John, are you happy?

JOHN: Yes, my dear.

S. L.: John, dear, are you happier than you were on earth with me?

JOHN: Yes, my dear.

S. L. (sighing): Heaven must be a wonderful place.

JOHN: I'm not there, Mary.

—Awgwan.

MAMMA: Now, Freddy, mind what I say. I don't want you to go over into the next garden to play with that Binks boy; he's very rude.

FREDDY (heard a few moments afterwards calling over the wall): I say, Binks, ma says I'm not to go in your garden because you're rude; but you come over here into my garden—I ain't rude.

—Tit-Bits.



"IF YE DON'T STOP LOOKIN' AT ROGER IN
GERMAN I'LL HAVE YE INTERNED"

The Closing Sign

Harriet had been to Sunday-school many times, but recently she made her first visit to church during regular services.

The opening prayer, it happened, was offered by a man who put his whole soul into his plea.

The prayer was so earnest, in fact, that again and again from the congregation came fervent expressions of "Amen."

Harriet nudged her mother.

"What is it, dear?" the mother asked.

"Everybody is saying 'Amen,'" replied Harriet, "and I just wonder why the man doesn't quit."

—Youngstown Telegram.

"THAT young politician is paying you marked attention, girlie."

"Um, yes. Another problem added to our girlish trouble."

"Eh, what?"

"Is he after me or my vote?"

—Louisville Courier-Journal.

"WHAT makes George so cocky these days?"

"He's going to try for a commission, and he's been reading his letters of recommendation."—Purple Cow.

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Notice of change of address should reach this office ten days prior to the date issue to be affected.

What is the Stock Exchange?

A booklet reviewing the early history and describing the functions of the world's greatest marketplace for securities, has been reprinted from the Investment Department of Scribner's Magazine. Copy sent free to applicants.

Investors' Service Bureau
SCRIBNER'S MAGAZINE
594 FIFTH AVE. ✻ NEW YORK

GOOD FRIENDS
GOOD CIGARS
GOOD STORIES
AND
CLYSMIC
OF COURSE

KING OF TABLE WATERS

The Latest Books

(Continued from page 1001)

members of a younger generation—is, for seven-eighths of its length, the most unhamperedly living thing its author has written since "The Tenants." One almost draws a long breath and declares that she has won free from the millstone. But when at the last (frightened, perhaps, by her own temerity) she hastily maneuvers most of those concerned on board the Lusitania and, by selective slaughter, achieves an orthodox denouement, one realizes that the incubus is not gone, but carried upward.

OF course, since adapting themselves to circumstances is the basic business of living things, the interplay of situation and character is the foundation of fiction. Broadly speaking, these are its two elements. And the emphasis, with equal legitimacy, may be laid on either, so long as no violence is done to one for the sake of the other. Indeed, since the more we study the psychology of reading, the clearer does it become that we can get nothing from any book except *new arrangements* of the mental material we bring to the reading of it, it follows that fiction for the undeveloped mind must needs emphasize the comparatively simple, universally present and recognized, essentially inorganic element of



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Absolutely Removes
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proves it. 25c at all druggists.



Spies and Lies

German agents are everywhere, eager to gather scraps of news about our men, our ships, our munitions. It is still possible to get such information through to Germany, where thousands of these fragments—often individually harmless—are patiently pieced together into a whole which spells death to American soldiers and danger to American homes.

But while the enemy is most industrious in trying to collect information, and his systems elaborate, he is *not* superhuman—indeed he is very often stupid, and would fail to get what he wants were it not deliberately handed to him by the carelessness of loyal Americans.

Do not discuss in public, or with strangers, any news of troop and transport movements, of bits of gossip as to our military preparations, which come into your possession.

Do not permit your friends in service to tell you—or write you—"inside" facts about where they are, what they are doing and seeing.

Do not become a tool of the Hun by passing on the malicious, disheartening rumors which he so eagerly sows. Remember he asks no better service than to have you spread his lies of disasters to our soldiers and sailors, gross scandals in the Red Cross, cruelties, neglect and wholesale executions in our camps, drunkenness and vice

in the Expeditionary Force, and other tales certain to disturb American patriots and to bring anxiety and grief to American parents.

And do not wait until you catch someone putting a bomb under a factory. Report the man who spreads pessimistic stories, divulges—or seeks—confidential military information, cries for peace, or belittles our efforts to win the war.

Send the names of such persons, even if they are in uniform, to the Department of Justice, Washington. Give all the details you can, with names of witnesses if possible—show the Hun that we can beat him at his own game of collecting scattered information and putting it to work. The fact that you made the report will not become public.

You are in contact with the enemy *today* just as truly as if you faced him across No Man's Land. In your hands are two powerful weapons with which to meet him—discretion and vigilance. *Use them.*

COMMITTEE ON PUBLIC INFORMATION

8 JACKSON PLACE, WASHINGTON, D. C.

George Creel, Chairman
The Secretary of State
The Secretary of War
The Secretary of the Navy



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U. S. Gov't Comm. on Public Information

This space contributed for the Winning of the War by
AMERICAN TELEPHONE & TELEGRAPH COMPANY, NEW YORK

situation; and that, progressively, the emphasis alters as the reader's knowledge of the complex, organic element of human character grows. An unusually interesting chance to observe the diverse results of these two sources of inspiration on one author's work is offered in "Five Tales" (Scribner's, \$1.50), by John Galsworthy.

GALSWORTHY is acknowledgedly a master manipulator of both these factors of fiction. Even when his rela-

tive emphasis is on the lesser of them his characters are shrewdly chosen for their parts and significantly related to them. Yet for all his double skill he is unable, when the source of his inspiration is a striking situation to be exploited, to rise above the level of an expert constructor and narrator, and only reaches true creativeness when his originally impelling conception is an individualized type of humanity. In the first story of this collection, "The

(Continued on page 1005)

OUR FOOLISH CONTEMPORARIES



Mrs. Wiggs's Rival

In a South Side street of this city lives a woman who, for optimism and homely philosophy, takes rank with Mrs. Wiggs of the well known and justly famous "Cabbage Patch."

This woman, with her husband and family, was seated at the dinner table one day not long since, when a knock came to the door, and a friend called.

"Won't you come in for dinner?" the housewife invited.

"Oh, no," the caller answered, "you have such a large family yourself it would be a shame to put you to extra trouble."

"Oh," was the cheery reply, "one more don't make a bit of difference. All I have to do is put another cup of water in the stew."—*Youngstown Telegram.*

"A Brilliant Story of New York Society"

It is not the publishers of Alice Duer Miller's new novel, "**The Happiest Time of Their Lives**," who so characterize the story; it is the *New York Times*. And the keen critic of that paper goes on to say in a column-review: "It is delightfully written. . . . Its cleverness is not mere surface brilliance; it is keen satire as well. The story is worked out delightfully as a story; and through it is the sharp interest of the contrasting types of woman, the way they meet each other, the way they meet men, the way they meet life. . . . But whatever one seeks in the novel—so long as it is something clean and bright—and from whatever standpoint one approaches '**The Happiest Time of Their Lives**,' it is a book that will be thoroughly enjoyed."

"**The Happiest Time of Their Lives**" is published by The Century Co., New York, is charmingly illustrated by Paul Meylan, and is sold by all booksellers, for \$1.40.

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The Kaiser's Last Word

Arthur Train, the novelist, put down a German newspaper at the Century Club, in New York, with an impatient grunt.

"It says here," he explained, "that it is Germany who will speak the last word in this war."

Then the novelist laughed angrily and added:

"Yes, Germany will speak the last word in the war, and that last word will be 'Kamerad!'"—*Washington Star.*

Finality

"How did you come to break off your engagement with Miss Snowball?" asked Uncle Moses of a dorky.

"In the fust place, Uncle Moses, she wasn't berry young, and she didn't hab no money, and jawed like de debbel, and, secondly, she would not hab me, and went and married another niggah, so I tuk de advice ob my frens and jess drapped her."—*Boston Transcript.*

EDITOR: I can't use your poem, but you might leave your address.

BARD: If you don't take the poem I shan't have any address.

—*Boston Transcript.*

"I TELL you, young man, we need brains in this business."

"I know you do, sir; that is why I am offering you my services."

—*Baltimore American.*

THERE have been many conflicting opinions about the life of Louise de la Vallière, but everyone agrees that she would have been a far happier woman if she had been an annual subscriber to LIFE.

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The Fool Killer, P. O. Drawer 1902, Washington, D. C.

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The Latest Books

(Continued from page 1003)

First and the Last," he is seen at his best in the lesser rôle. In the second story, "The Stoic" (in which it may be noted that an equally complicated and dramatic situation is actually present), he performs the miracle of "creation" before our eyes.

IT is over three years since our old friend "Q"—Sir Arthur T. Quiller-Couch—has called on us with a story. Those of us who read, and still recall with enjoyment, his "True Tilda" will remember his delightful ability, on occasion, first to create a character and then to keep it supplied with original and provocative situations. And lovers of a good story will find the same combination of sound character sense and rollicking humor happily co-operating in his new tale of "Foe-Farrell" (Macmillan, \$1.50)—a yarn spun in the trenches in France by a soldier who had been closely affiliated with the participants in the grimly

laughable vendetta between the men whose names form the title of the book.

"PLAYING both ends against the middle" is a familiar though hazardous form of generalship in roulette, at the races and on Wall Street. So far as we know, Gilbert Cannan is the first to try it in literature. In 1913 his "Round the Corner" made him known to American readers. Three years later his "Three Sons and a Mother" brought him still more definitely to our notice as one of the leaders of the younger and uncompromisingly honest students of life and character in England. But few, if any, realized that the *Jamie* of the second tale and the crotchety old *James Lowrie* of the first were the same. Mr. Cannan has now, in "The Stucco House" (Doran, \$1.50), filled in the gap; and while this history of transition—this tale of a fine nature's all-but full development and actual wrecking—is deeply interesting in itself, one is more tantalized than enlightened by realizing that here is the middle of those half-remembered ends. As Dr. Johnson would say, "the interstices between the intersections" are too great.

WHEN a stay-at-home American reads a book about the war, a part of him—a certain phase of one side of his imagination—goes to the front by proxy. For four years now we've been in process of being thus shipped in



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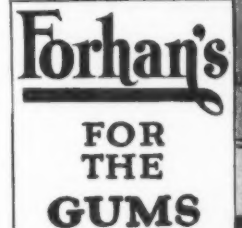
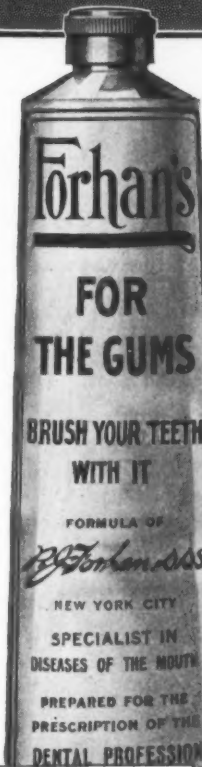
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Inflamed gums—the cause of tooth-base decay



JUST as the strength of a building is dependent upon its foundations, so are healthy teeth dependent upon healthy gums.

Permit the gums to become inflamed or tender and you weaken the foundation of the teeth. This condition is called Pyorrhea (Riggs' Disease). Loosening of teeth is a direct result. And spongy, receding gums invite painful tooth-base decay. They act, too, as so many doorways for disease germs to enter the system—infecting the joints or tonsils—or causing other ailments.

Pyorrhea (Riggs' Disease) attacks four out of five people who are over forty. And many under that age, also. Its first symptom is tender gums. So you should look to your gums! Use Forhan's, which positively prevents Pyorrhea if used in time and used consistently. It also scientifically cleans the teeth—keeps them white and free from tartar. Brush your teeth with it.

If gum-shrinkage has already set in, start using Forhan's and consult a dentist immediately for special treatment.

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sections and of subsequently doing our own assembling. And a queer job some of us have no doubt made of it. But this isn't entirely our fault, either. The Priorities Board on Imaginative Transportation has placed too much tonnage at the disposal of some sides of us, and hasn't furnished other sides of us any transportation whatever. The professional-describer, the diplomatic-investigator and the draft-age-participant sides of us have had a monopoly. The plain-American side—the "Innocents Abroad" side—the short, fat, bald, middle-aged Kansas or Missouri side, with brass tacks in its pocket and a twinkle in its eye—hasn't had a look-in. Not, that is, until now. But now, in William Allen White's account of the Red Cross mission of himself and Henry J. Allen, "The Martial Adventures of Henry and Me" (Macmillan, \$1.50), the embargo has been lifted. Don't miss the trip.

J. B. Kerfoot.

POWDER IN SHOES AS WELL AS GUNS

Foot-Ease to Be Added to Equipment of Hospital Corps at Fort Wayne.

Under the above heading the *Detroit Free Press*, among other things says: "The theory is that soldiers whose feet are in good condition can walk further and faster than soldiers who have corns and bunions incased in rawhide."

The Plattsburg Camp Manual advises men in training to shake Foot-Ease in their shoes each morning.

One war relief committee reports, of all the things sent out in their Comfort Bags or "Kits," Allen's Foot-Ease received the most praise from the soldiers and men of the navy. It is used by American, French and British troops, because it takes the Friction from the Shoe and freshens the feet. There is no foot comforter equal to Allen's Foot-Ease, the antiseptic, healing powder to be shaken into the shoes and sprinkled in the foot-bath, the standard remedy for over 25 years for hot, tired, aching, perspiring, smarting, swollen, tender feet, corns, bunions, blisters or callouses.

Why not order a dozen or more 25c. boxes to-day from your Druggist or Dep't. store to mail to your friends in training camps and in the army and navy.

Do We Want a Revival of Lockjaw?

In an appeal to "the common sense" of the parents and relatives of our troops at the front, Doctor W. W. Keen affirms in *Science* that the anti-vivisectionists who fight the Red Cross will, if they succeed in their agitation, revive lockjaw. That would mean the addition of the most agonizing of horrors to the pains of the present conflict. Few people, Doctor Keen writes, realize what terrible suffering is caused by lockjaw.—*Current Opinion*.

ON the contrary, many people realize the terrible suffering caused by lockjaw. They also realize that, unless figures lie, more cases of lockjaw have resulted from Pasteur serums than from any other cause.

MARMADUKE FEARSON sat down to the breakfast table with his usual frown. But as it was Tuesday and he had lately become an annual subscriber to LIFE, he unwrapped the weekly copy, and he, as well as the whole Fearson family, had a joyful meal.

SEXOLOGY

by William H. Walling, A.M., M.D.

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Don't Nag Yourself

YOU can well afford to nag your wife and your children and the office boy, but you cannot afford to nag yourself. This is very injurious, and may easily prove fatal.

Many a prospect for a bright and prosperous career has been rendered chimerical, all because the victim did not let himself alone when he was doing pretty well, but, instead, persisted in pestering and nagging himself until he could hardly bear to have himself around.

It is easy to see that a man will be willing to make almost any sacrifice in order to escape from such unbearable conditions.

If you have a nagging disposition and simply can't get along without nagging, remember that there are upon earth some fifteen hundred million human beings, to say nothing of the great numbers of lower animals; so why pick on yourself?



MAY EDGINTON

author of "The Woman Who Broke the Rule," contributes to July AINSLEE's the first large installment of a stirring new novel entitled "Angels."

In the complete novelette for July

ARTHUR SOMERS ROCHE

the man who wrote "Loot" and "Plunder," proves delightfully that the detective-mystery story isn't the only sort of fiction he is master of. Read

"KISSED"

Who kissed a certain young lady? She doesn't know, and you won't know, until the very end of the story. It was not a commonplace kiss. It was a kiss that could be positively identified by the recipient. The reader will have a much better time than did the heroine in her search for the bestower.

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